

Winter Cuddles by The_BookDragon

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Summary:

Winter fluff drabble.

Winter Cuddles

Cuddles were amazing. Steve would gladly swear by it while cuddling his boyfriend. Steve could spend days curled up with Billy, not even moving a muscle.

Billy was soft when he stopped flexing. Which, made for a perfect pillow that Steve gleefully used at the drop of the hat. Billy also ran hot which made the experience better.

The day had been the type of wintry day that made a person wrap themselves in blankets and drink at least two gallons of hot chocolate. It had been fun to go out in the snow for Billy and Steve, but right now Steve wanted inside and warm, please.

Shivering and putting on his best puppy eyes, Steve asked, "Cuddles?"

"Yes, Stevie," swiping hair from Steve's face and laughing, Billy answered, "we can cuddle."

Bright red and smugly smiling, Steve pulled Billy into the house. Normally stripping out of their clothes would be sexy, but getting out of their snow clothes was a challenge. Especially, since everything was partially soaked.

A litany of curses, three times falling over, having to yank each other's shoes off, and almost peeling Billy out of his sopping wet pants; they were finally done removing clothes.

Now was the time for the important part; cuddles and hot chocolate.

Well, first comes the hot chocolate. Steve makes the hot chocolate because someone set water on fire last time they tried to make pasta. Billy quietly whistles and walks away whenever that gets mentioned.

Humming, Steve poured in the milk, setting the heat on medium-high, and kept a sharp eye on it. Just as it reached a simmer he added salt, a teaspoon of coffee, and a splash of vanilla. Letting those heat up, Steve measured out a half cup hot cocoa powder and whisked it in.

The smell brought back fond memories of Steve's nanny, Georgia. She had made him cocoa each year and passed on to him the recipe along with her cookbook. Later, he would make her favorite soup for dinner.

Billy took it upon himself to sneak up. Wrapping his arms around Steve's waist and pressing kisses to Steve's cheek and temple, Billy just enjoyed holding Steve close.

A small laugh bubbled out of Steve's throat as he shut off the stove and grabbed the ladle. Letting go, Billy opened the cabinet to the left and pulled out Steve's "#1 Mom" mug and his own orange cat mug. Filling the mugs up with one hand, Steve pulled out the marshmallows from behind the coffee maker where the kids never looked.

With their cocoa in hand, Billy and Steve climbed onto the couch. Steve leaned against Billy's side and smiled as firelight flickered across both their faces. And slowly, tension seeped out of them as they curled closer and closer.

Steve soon began to drift, letting his mug start to tip over. Swiping the almost about to spill mug, Billy placed it on the end table along with his own mug.

Sleepily, Steve pressed his face into Billy's soft stomach as Billy readjusted so they both were lying down.

Carding his fingers through Steve's hair, Billy felt his eyes slowly droop. They finally surrendered to sleep.

Hours later, El and Hopper would find them wrapped up in each other. But for now the house was quiet only broken by the crackles of the fire. For now, all was well.

Author's Note:

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